

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, December 24, 1893.

[No. 54]

De Valcour and Bertha :

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

(Continued from page 2.)

A LOUD shriek was presently heard, but drowned by such a terrible crash as threatened total destruction to the fabric. Bertha fell on her knees; Rosa sunk beside her; and both remained in fervent prayer, till called to active exertions by the sound of the alarm-bell, which soon roused every servant in the castle. Bertha hastened to her father's chamber, where she beheld him lifeless, disfigured, and bloody; while the Baroness frantically shrieked, tore her hair, and called aloud for vengeance on the murderer. The castle was ineffectually searched; no assassin could be discovered. Bertha was carried senseless to her apartment, and the Baroness shut herself up from the sight of every one. Father Ambrose, the confessor of the neighboring convent, was sent for: his pious exhortations were the only means of restoring tranquility to the distracted family: the sanctity of his manners, his active be-

nevolence, humanity, and piety, created him many admirers, among whom the Baroness was not the least zealous.

Bertha, by some unaccountable prejudice, did not feel for the father that enthusiastic veneration professed by the rest of the family; but his subsequent good offices, and friendly advice, to herself and Julian, soon taught her to condemn her former scepticism; and to him she unburthened every secret care: to him only was the lady Valeria accessible, and he succeeded in regulating her deportment to the observance of decent grief.

Valeria was the illegitimate daughter of an Italian noble, dissipated and profligate; her earliest days had been passed in gaudy and luxury; and the love of pleasure, pomp, and power, were her leading principles. Her father's affluence and high favor in the cabinet, had occasioned her to be received into the first company; but an early attachment between her and one far beneath her father's ambitious views, had drawn on her his displeasure. Valeria was too mercenary to give up her expectations, and had sufficient art to calculate every advantage; therefore, doubting the stability of her lover's affection should she be abandoned by her wealthy father, she contrived to gratify her own passion without offending him. And Antonio Adimienti, soon satiated by indulgence, released the lady from her vows of fide-

lity by withdrawing from Naples. Valeria was not too constant for her peace. Chance led her into the presence of the Baron di Montalpine: he was captivated by her beauty, and the wily Valeria neglected no lure to secure her conquest. Age has its follies; nor are they inferior to those of youth. The Baron, delighted with the blandishments of a young and lovely girl, in a short time made her his wife.

Valeria no sooner beheld the blooming artless Bertha, than envious hate filled her malignant bosom. She beheld, too, the fondness of the Baron for his adopted son, the orphan Julian, with equal aversion; and the hopes of benefit to her future offspring, made her resolve to ruin the views of the young couple. By slow degrees she kindled the sparks of family pride in the mind of the Baron; ridiculed his weakness, or chid his injustice to his own children; bade him look forward to the providing for a natural heir, and not impoverish him by bestowing his fortune on a beggar. These arguments had the desired effect on the weak Baron, and he soon grew cold in his behavior to Julian. The spirited youth could ill bear unmerited slight; and his resentful deportment increased the evil.

Unmindful of all former promises, the Baron thought he acted full generously, when he gave De Valcour, a commission in the army, and dismissed

him from the castle, with a peremptory command to think no more of Bertha, unless he would draw on his head a parent's curse. Love was too deeply engraven on the hearts of Julian and Bertha to be erased by this cruel mandate; and thoughtless of consequences, the impetuous youth succeeded in persuading the yielding girl to a private marriage, lest fraud or force should throw her into the arms of another, before fortune should enable him to return, and claim her with a father's blessing. Father Ambrose performed the ceremony, and Bertha sacrificed her obedience to her love. De Valcour, then half blest, retired indignantly from the castle, and found a temporary asylum at the monastery of St. Francis, where he could sometimes hear of Bertha; and, by the friendly aid of Father Ambrose, occasionally wandered to the castle, and obtained a private interview with his beloved wife.

Such was the state of affairs in the Castle di Montalpine on the night of the shocking incident before related. Bertha remained in a lethargy of grief till the succeeding evening, when the sound of the vesper-bell at the monastery reminded her, that in a few hours she must prepare to see Julian. It was their last promised interview; but it was her intention to desire he would not leave the abbey till her father's will had been read.

CHAP. II.

*Ah! what will not that woman do who loves?
What means will she refuse to keep that heart
Where all her joys are placed?*

Savage.

On the following day the Baron's will was examined: it was by the peremptory command of Valeria, who suggested the idea, that it might contain some particular directions as to the manner of his interment. Bertha was too ill to attend minutely to the contents; but when the whole was perused, and she found herself entirely dependent on the haughty Valeria, she shrieked with anguish, and was conveyed to her chamber in strong convulsions. Hope was entirely crushed, and she fully felt all the horrors of her situation. It was with difficulty she roused herself sufficiently to meet De Valcour at the appointed hour; and as she stole softly down the

staircase her own steps appalled her. Julian was ready at the usual signal: his loved presence dispelled her fears; and, after reaching her apartment in safety, they passed their first hours of the night in uninterrupted conversation.

Bertha failed not to make known to her husband the unjust neglect of her father, deplored her own poverty, which now left her no prospect, but the success of his exertions; and, alas! added Bertha, should I become a mother in your absence, what have I not to dread from the persecutions of the baroness? Julian vainly sought to calm her fears: he projected a thousand vague schemes for their future advantage, till at length, exhausted by the fatigue and cares of the two preceding days, and seized with an unusual stupor, he fell into a deep slumber on the couch beside the fire. Bertha gazed with tender emotion on his beloved features: her tears flowed fast, and wetted his cheek. The lamp emitted but feeble rays, which conspired, with the gloomy solemnity of the hour, to fill her with a variety of apprehensions, till, harrassed by watchfulness and afflicting thoughts, she yielded to the drowsiness which stole over her senses; and throwing her arm round Julian, she sunk to repose.

Her eyes were scarcely closed to sleep, when a rustling noise near her caused her to start up, and, to her extreme terror, she found the lamp extinguished; but a gleam of light shot across the wainscot, and then disappeared. Bertha gazed fearfully around: she shook the arm of Julian; he was in a profound sleep, and a low murmur of, Hush! hush! sounded thro' the apartment. Bertha would have called aloud on De Valcour: but before she could articulate a syllable, a hollow sepulchral voice exclaimed, "Can Bertha sleep in peace upon the bosom of a murderer?" A loud crash, as of distant thunder, succeeded, which awakened Julian; when the pallid cheeks, and quivering lips, of his wife, called his attention, and drew forth his tenderest endearments. In vain did he search for his unknown accuser. The morning began to dawn; Bertha, half dead with affright, entreated him to leave the castle. Julian unwillingly departed. I will consult father Ambrose, said he; and to-morrow night I will endeavor to detect this midnight intruder. Fear not, my love; I will bring proper arms for my defence:

this mystery must be cleared up before I leave you.

De Valcour failed not on the following night to keep his promise. He carefully secured every entrance, and placing his pistols on the table before them, anxiously awaited the slightest noise. To divert Bertha, who was almost sinking with terror, he drew from his pocket a volume of poems, and began to read to her. She had been deeply interested in the poem he was reading, when the turret-clock struck one. Her eye fearfully wandered round the room, but no unusual object was visible; and again she listened with attention to Julian.

A noise, similar to the rattling of keys, gave them instantaneous alarm. Julian seized a pistol, and pointed it towards the door, when a violent creaking, in a distant part of the room, diverted his attention to the spot. The apartment was so large, that the solitary lamp burning on the table, scarcely illuminated half of it, leaving the arched recesses in total obscurity. Julian would have proceeded to examine them, but Bertha, frantic with terror, clung to his cloak, and prevented his advancing. Soon, however, she relinquished her hold, when she beheld on the opposite pannel, written in letters of blood, encompassed by a blue flame,

*Bertha shall know no peace, till her hand
Has slain the murderer of her father!*

God of heaven! what can this horrible prediction mean? exclaimed De Valcour. Bertha! my wife! look up. Let the earth open, and entomb me; let the lightning of heaven direct its misplaced vengeance on my devoted head, but do not thou believe me guilty. Bertha shuddered; her whole frame was convulsed; she pointed to the terrific spot; her lips moved, yet no sound proceeded, but her agonized groans. Julian laid her on the couch. He then took the lamp, and carefully inspected the pannel: the writing had vanished, but many traces of blood remained; and there was not the least appearance of door, or aperture, by which any human being could have entered, except that on which his eyes had been steadfastly fixed. He returned to his wife.

(To be continued.)

From the Missionary Magazine.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE NATIVES OF BENGAL.

Extracted from some Letters to the late Mr. Robinson of Cambridge:

BY THE REV. DR. BROWN, WHO OFFICIATED AT THE MISSION CHURCH, CALCUTTA.

"MY imperfect knowledge," says Dr. Brown, "of a great variety of leading facts, will very much cramp my correspondence; but of one particular branch,—the religious condition of the natives,—I have considerable information. The Mahometans make only about a ninth of the inhabitants of Bengal, who are chiefly Hindoos. The Bramin superstition, which it has been the fashion to represent as mild and inoffensive, is as I have the most convincing evidence, extremely cruel, oppressive and sanguinary.

"As a source of depopulation, it is worthy the attention of the legislature;—the burning of the women, which has been supposed a very partial thing, is an extremely common practice. My very learned friend, Mr. William Chambers has computed that about *fifty thousand* widows are, in these provinces, burnt annually with their husbands. Many of them are young and child-bearing; and might, by second marriages, have been upon an average, mothers of two children each. The three or four principal wives generally burn; and often the inferiors, compelled by disgrace, and the excessive hardships they are instantly exposed to, follow their example. In some few instances, this appears to be a voluntary act, but the majority are terrified into it."

The whole of this letter is curious, though too long to insert here. The horrid custom alluded to above, though denied by some to be now in practice, is too well established to be any longer denied, and is noticed by Robinson, in his historical works. Brown in what follows is speaking of sick persons, who are left on the banks of the Ganges, to be borne away by the overflowing tide.

"They are," he says, "swept away by the returning tide. Some, however, escape; and as they can never be received back again to their own families, they associate with those who like them

have escaped the jaws of death. There are two villages, not far up the river Hoogly, inhabited solely by those wretched fugitives. They become a separate community, and have children. The Bramins can, as may serve their interest, devote any sick branch of a family to death; and incredible numbers are made away with by this bloody superstition. A gentleman told me, as he passed a place called Culna, a little above Calcutta, that he saw a set of Bramins pushing a youth of about eighteen years of age, into the water; and as they were performing their business of suffocation with mud, he called on them to desist. They answered calmly, "It is our custom—it is our custom—he cannot live—our god says he must die." Then the operation went on, till the unhappy youth expired. This is a fact, and thousands here, of equal barbarity, might be collected. Such, dear sir, is the Hindoo religion, in some of its fruits. It is full of malignity, and all manner of abominations. The temples are filled with dancing girls, whose history you know from books. I cannot speak of their detestable rites. The old filthy system of paganism of Greece and Rome, is, in spirit, the same as that now in being among the Hindoos; and perhaps not less polluted, tho' it be somewhat more retired. I am ashamed to say, that my eyes have seen what I now testify; but unless I had seen it, my testimony would have been scarcely credible, and I never could have spoken with such abhorrence as I now feel. I am fully convinced, that the Hindoos are without a single moral principle, and that they are extremely cruel and malignant in their tempers. So deeply corrupt are they in their practices, and so wonderfully darkened in their minds, that every remedy must fail, but the knowledge of true religion."

On the back of one of our author's letters, is a curious observation extracted from some modern journal, but little known. The place, however, alluded to, must unquestionably be Cananor, on the Malabar coast, not Patna.*

"A gentleman lately returned from the East-Indies, and who was very curious in his observations there, informs us, that some years ago there was a republic of Jews at the city of Patna, the

*See the Indian Antiquities, vol. ii. by the ingenious Thomas Maurice, who follows Hamilton.

capital of the kingdom of Bahar, who were once so numerous, that they could reckon about 60,000 families, which are now reduced to 4000. They have a synagogue near the Nabob's palace, in which their records are kept, engraven on copper-plates in Hebrew characters; so that these Jews pretend they can show their own history from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar to the present time. The above mentioned race of Jews declare themselves to be of the tribe of Manasseh, a part whereof was, by order of that haughty conqueror, Nebuchadnezzar, carried to the easternmost province of his large empire, which extended to the Indus, whence these Jews removed to the Ganges; and this journey 20,000 of them travelled in three years from their setting out of Babylon. An abstract of their history has been translated from the Hebrew, and may be of service to the learned world."

ON CONVERSATION.

Extract from "a Plan for the Conduct of Female Education, &c." by Erasmus Darwin, M. D. and F. R. S. Author of Zoonomia, and the Botanic Garden.

THE art of pleasing in conversation seems to consist in two things; one of them to hear well, and the other to speak well. The perpetual appearance of attention, and the varying expression of the countenance of the hearer to the sentiments or passions of the speaker, is a principal charm in conversation: to be well heard and accurately understood encourages our companions to proceed with pleasure, whatever may be the topics of their discourse.

Those, who have been educated at schools, and have learnt the knowledge of physiognomy from their play fellows in their early years, understand the pleasurable or painful feelings of all with whom they converse, often even before their words are finished; and, by thus immediately conforming the expression of their own features to the sensations of the speaker, become the interesting and animated companions above described, which is seldom seen in those educated in private families; and which, as before observed, gives a preference to school-education.

To speak agreeably in respect to manner consists in a voice clear, yet not loud, soft, yet not plaintive; with distinct articulation, and with graceful attitudes rather than with graceful actions; as almost every kind of gesticulation is disagreeable. In respect to the matter it should be such as coincides with the tastes or pursuits of those to whom the conversation is addressed. From hence it will appear, that both to hear well, and to speak well, requires an extensive knowledge of things, as well as of the tastes and pursuits of mankind; and must, therefore, ultimately be the effect of a good education in general, rather than a particular article of it.

There are however faults to be avoided, and cautions to be observed, in the conversation of young ladies; which should be pointed out to them by the governess of a boarding school. Of these I shall mention first, that whenever the thirst of shining in conversation seizes on the heart, the vanity of the speaker becomes apparent; and we are disgusted with the manner, whatever may be the matter of the discourse.

Secondly, that it is always childish and generally ridiculous, when young people boast of their follies, or when they accuse themselves of virtues; neither of which they probably possess in the degree, which they describe. A young Lady was heard to say, "I am frightened to death at the sight of a bird!" And another, that she was so inconsiderate, as to give her money to the poor naked children, whom she saw in the streets in winter.

Thirdly, they should be apprised, that there is danger in speaking ill even of a bad person; both because they may have been misinformed, and because they should judge their neighbors with charity. A friend of mine was once asked by a young man, how he could distinguish, whether the lady, whom he meant to address, was good tempered; and gave this answer:—"When any dubious accusation is brought in conversation against an absent person; if she always inclines to believe the worst side of the question, she is ill-tempered." There are some nice distinctions on this subject of good nature delivered in lady Pennington's advice to her daughters, which are worth a young lady's attention.

Fourthly, that it is dangerous for a young lady to speak very highly in praise even of a deserving man; for if she extols his actions, she will seem to give herself the importance of a judge, and her determinations will sometimes be called in question; and to commend highly the person of a man is in general estimation inconsistent with the delicacy of the sex at any age.

Fifthly, young ladies should be advised not to accustom themselves to the use of strong asseverations, or of a kind of petty oaths, such as "upon my honor," in their conversation; nor often to appeal to others for the truth of what they affirm; since all such strong expressions and appeals derogate somewhat from the character of the speaker; as they give an intimation, that she has not been usually believed on her simple assertion.

Sixthly, laughing vehemently aloud, or tittering with short shrieks, in which some young ladies, who have left school, indulge themselves at cards or other amusements, are reprehensible; as their dignity of character must suffer by appearing too violently agitated at trivial circumstances.

Seventhly, an uniform adherence to sincerity in conversation is of the first importance; as without it our words are but empty sounds, and can no more interest our companions than the tinkling of a bell. No artificial polish of manners can compensate for the apparent want of this virtue, nor any acquirements of knowledge for the reality of the want of it. Hence, though the excess of blame or praise of the actions of others may be imprudent or improper in the conversation of young ladies, as mentioned in the third and fourth articles of this section, yet in these, as in all other kinds of conversation, their opinions should be given with truth, if given at all; but when the characters of others are concerned, they should be delivered with diffidence and modesty.

Lastly, if at any time any improper discourse should be addressed to young ladies, which has a tendency to indecency, immorality, or irreligion, they should be taught to express a marked disapprobation, both in words and countenance. So great is the power of the softer sex in meliorating the characters of men; that if such was their uni-

form behavior, I doubt not, but that it would much contribute to reform the morals of the age; an event devoutly to be wished, and which would contribute much to their own happiness.

To these might be added many other observations from the writers on female education concerning a due respect in conversation to superiors, good temper to equals, and condescension to inferiors. But as young ladies are not expected to speak with the wisdom or precision of philosophers; and as the careless cheerfulness of their conversation, with simplicity of manner, and with the grace, ease, and vivacity natural to youth, supplies it with its principal charms; these should be particularly encouraged, as there are few artificial accomplishments which could compensate for the loss of them.

HUNTING GLOVES:

OR,

TWO EYES SEE MORE THAN THREE.

A VERY honest fellow, named John Bland, by trade a leather glove maker, preferring ship-board to the shop-board, took a voyage to China; and, being what is called a very useful man, was frequently excused the ordinary duties of the ship, permitted to work for himself, and have a little trade for barter. When the vessel arrived at Canton, a merchant came on board, as is the custom, to traffic with the men for their private ventures. With this man John exchanged his concern for commodities of the country, and found himself in the end egregiously cheated. Our knight of the needle one day meeting the merchant on shore, upbraided him severely for the deception. *Fou-ki*, (friend) replied the cunning varlet, English man has but two eyes, China man has three, one for his friend and two for himself. O! very well, returned John; then, if ever I live to come to this place again, I'll try to make *two eyes see more than three*. Time, who never falters in his progress, soon brought the ship again to moorings in the same place, and on board came the merchant. *Fou-ki*, said he to Bland, what have you

got! Only a bale of doe-skin hunting-gloves for which I expect two dollars a pair. The Asiatic infidel much approved the commodity, but would only consent to give half the price. Well, quoth Bland, give me the cash, and take the bale, since you will pay no more. The merchant laid down the dollars, took the goods and exulting went on shore. In a few hours, Hou-si-kan, for that was his name, entered Bland's birth, with fire in his three eyes, and seemed ripe for mischief. *Pou-ki*, exclaimed the cunning man, you have deceived me; the gloves are all for one hand. I know it, replied Bland, and there is a second bale with all the gloves for the other hand; give me the other dollar, my first price, and they are yours. The Chinaman found no alternative, paid the remaining dollars, and, at parting, acknowledged his mistaken opinion of our countrymen, declaring that English man had seen more with two eyes than China man with three.

Who bites the biter, the right mark shall hit,
And he who's bit content, is rightly bit.

THE ACME OF SUPERSTITION,

OR,

STORY OF ST. NEOT.

THE story of St. Neot, represents him endowed with every christian virtue, eminent for his learning, eloquent in speech, intelligent in giving counsel and of countenance truly angelic; but so small in stature, that when he performed mass he was obliged to be exalted on an iron stool. His fame was so extensive that he was visited by immense numbers of people, who sought his prayers, either for relief of bodily infirmity, or for the influx of spiritual comfort. The saint, however, became wearied with the concourse of multitudes: and, with one adherent, named Barius, retired to a hermitage, and having spent seven years here in great sanctity, went to Rome, received the Pope's blessing, and permission to build a monastery near the place of residence. Accordingly, continues the legend, on his return, he erected a suitable edifice, and filled it with monks; and was tho't worthy of consecration from their angelic visitors. Near the spot on which his monastery stood, there was a spring

of clear water, which in the driest seasons never failed. In it this man of God perceived that there were three fishes—but not presuming to touch them till it was revealed to him for what purpose they were placed there. An angel appeared to intimate to him, that, every day, or as often as he should find occasion, he might take one, and one only of these fishes for his use.

This condition being observed, he was assured that, on his next return to the well, he should always find these fishes as at the first. It happened soon after this that the saint was afflicted with a grievous disorder, and unable, for some time to take any sustenance. Barius, his affectionate servant, being alarmed at his long abstinence, went to the well, and caught two fish, which he cooked in different ways; boiling one and broiling the other, and brought them to his master in a dish. The good saint immediately took alarm, and enquired with much earnestness, whence these two fish came. Barius, with honest simplicity, told him he had taken them from the well, and had dressed them different ways, hoping that if one did not suit his sickly appetite, the other might. "Then, said the saint, why hast thou done this? how in opposition to an express command, hast thou presumptuously ventured to take more than one fish at a time?" He then commanded his trembling servant to carry back the two fishes to the well: then, throwing himself prostrate upon the floor, continued in prayer till Barius returning, acquainted him that the two fishes, after having been dressed, were now in the well, alive and active, and sporting in the water as usual. Neotus then commissioned him to go again, and catch one fish only, and dress that for his use; which order being complied with, no sooner had he tasted of the fish, than he was restored to perfect health.

THE SENSIBLE FOOL.

ALPHONSUS, king of Naples, had in his court a fool, who used to write down in a book all the follies of the great men in his time that were at court. The king having a Moor in his household sent him to the Levant to buy horses with ten thousand ducats: this the fool marked in his book as a

pure piece of folly. Some time after, the king called for the book, and found at last his own name, with the story of the ten thousand ducats. The king being somewhat moved, asked the reason why his name was there? Because, says the jester, you have committed a piece of folly, to give your money to one you are never likely to see again. But if he does come again, says the king, and brings me the horses, what folly is that in me? Why, if ever he does come again, replies the fool, I'll blot out your name, and put in his.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND MORTAL SURPRISE.

GEORGE GROCKANTZKY, a native of Poland, deserted from the Prussian service, in which he had been engaged for some time in a war. A few days after, when he least expected it, he was found, by the soldiers who were in pursuit of him, dancing and skipping about with several peasants in a public house, where they were all making merry. This sudden misfortune threw him into such a consternation, that after having fetched a loud cry on the first assault, he became quite stupified, and suffered himself immediately to be led away without making the least resistance. Having been bro't to Glogau, he was presented before his judges for examination, but they could not prevail upon him by any means to speak a single word: he was immovable as a statue, and did not appear even to comprehend any thing of what was said or done to him. Being afterwards committed to prison, he neither eat, drank, or slept. The officers frequently, and sometimes the priests, in order to get some answer out of him, had successively recourse to threats, promises, and prayers; but all in vain. he still remained motionless, as if destitute of all sensation. At last his irons being knocked off, he was led out of prison, and desired to go where he would; but he could neither stir hand nor foot, nor comprehend what was doing to him. In this state he spent twenty-six days, without eating, drinking, or sleeping; and at last fell down dead. He was seen notwithstanding sometimes to sigh heavily, and once, it is said, he snatched greedily a pitcher out of a soldier's hand, and drank.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 17, 1803.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 1st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

* * Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay in advance.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 43 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Consumption 13—hives 2—worms 1—decline 1—fractured skull 1—decay of the lungs 1—pneumonia 1—fits 4—small pox 1—dropsy 2—sore throat 1—typhus fever 1—sprue 1—whooping cough 2—nervous fever 1—cold 1—rheumatism 1—cachexy 1—age 2—fall 1—debility 1—disorders not mentioned 3.

Of this number 25 were adults and 18 children.

THANKSGIVING.

The clergy of different denominations, in the city of New-York, at a general meeting held on the 8th inst. taking into view the dispensation of Divine Providence toward the city, during the late season, resolved, that it demands the grateful notice, and the humble acknowledgment of their fellow-citizens.

They hope it is not necessary to remind the congregations under their care, that public thanksgiving for pub-

lic mercies is a duty of universal obligation, and that after deliverance from calamity, it becomes them to humble themselves before God; and while they praise him for his goodness, to confess, with unfeigned penitence, those sins which have brought down his righteous displeasure.

They would, therefore, recommend, to their respective congregations, the observance of Wednesday, the 21st inst. as a day of Humiliation, Thanksgiving and Prayer; hoping that, laying aside worldly avocations, they will apply themselves in a serious manner to the duties of the day, humbling themselves before the righteous God, who has chastized us for our iniquities, blessing his name for delivering and restoring mercy, and returning to him, through Jesus Christ, as the sure ground of rest and confidence for future preservation and eternal happiness.

Signed by order,

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, Chairman.

IN COMMON COUNCIL,

Dec. 9, 1803.

The clergy of different denominations in this city having agreed to recommend to their respective congregations the observance of Wednesday the 21st day of December inst. as a day of Humiliation, Thanksgiving and Prayer, which having been communicated to Common Council—Whereupon resolved unanimously, that it be recommended to the inhabitants of this city to observe that day in the manner aforesaid, and to abstain from all employments inconsistent therewith.

By the Common Council,
T. WORTMAN, City Clerk.

NEW TURNPIKE.

A new turnpike road from Hudson to F. Miller's, in Livingston, is to be commenced immediately, we understand, by the "Hudson Branch Turnpike company," lately incorporated by the legislature for that purpose. The stock of the company consists of 800 shares at 25 dollars each, and was wholly subscribed for in one evening last week.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9.

The Maid of Bristol, (*Bowden*,) and *The Sixty-third Letter*, (*Oulton*.)

The play this evening performed for the first time in America, is possessed of some interest, although we think the author has managed his story feebly and without that dramatic skill which we might expect from a veteran writer for the stage. It was thus cast:

Lindorf,	Mr. Fennell.
Gellert,	Mr. Johnson.
Shultz,	Mr. Tyler.
Oakum,	Mr. Hogg.
Ben Block,	Mr. Harwood.
Shark,	Mr. Harper.
Cranium,	Mr. Martin.
Clod,	Mr. Hallam.
Stella,	Mrs. Johnson.
Mrs. Oakum,	Mrs. Melmoth.
Mrs. Shark,	Mrs. Hogg.
Fanny Oakum,	Miss Patton.
Susan Clod,	Miss Hogg.

Stella de Gellert and the young baron *Lindorf* are attached from an early age to each other, but by interference of a powerful rival, *Lindorf* is separated from *Stella* and sent with the army to America, when he is inform'd that his destined bride has married another. Under this impression he marries an amiable woman to whom he owed gratitude for generous kindness, but felt no love. *Stella* unacquainted with this event converts certain property into bills and jewels, and flies to England, expecting on the return of the troops to find no obstacle to their mutual passion in that comparatively happy land. The troops arrive, and *Stella* sees *Lindorf*, weak from sufferings and fainting with fatigue, borne from the port to the inn. She flies to nurse and aid him—he is astonished and almost frantic to find his *Stella* faithful and himself the dupe of villainy, and she is reduced to despair on finding all her hopes of happiness blasted by his marriage with another. The creditors of *Lindorf* becoming clamorous for the payment of debts contracted before his voyage to America, *Stella* gives up all her property to them, and losing her reason, flies from her dwelling, wanders into the country and takes shelter in a hovel built for cattle. In this situation she is discovered by honest *Ben Block*, a sentimental sailor; her friends are apprised of her place of refuge, *Lindorf* follows, and having re-

OR, LADIES MISCELLANY.

ry opportunely lost his wife, the lady finds her senses, and all is well.

It has long been the fashion in England, and certainly there is good policy in it, to represent an English sailor as a paragon of perfection. *Ben Block*, the hero of the piece, (for *Lindorf* is a miserable dog) is perfection run mad. Even the abilities of a very favorite performer seemed lost under the unnatural caricature. *Doctor Cranium* is feeble—in short there is no character in the piece on which the mind can rest with pleasure.

Mrs. Johnson did much for *Stella*, and appeared as usual, correct in the study of the author: but some of the shorter characters were marred in the representation in a manner which can have no excuse.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11.

John Bull, (Colman) and *First Floor*, (Cobb)

This Comedy was again well attended and received with almost incessant applause. Indeed we are happy in the opportunity of saying that every night of its performance the play has received additional charms from the manner in which it has been represented.

The *First Floor* is a sprightly farce, and was generally speaking well play'd. There are some passages which the Manager ought to have expunged.

Tim Turtlett is the author's favorite, and must be so with the audience while well played as it was this evening. The diversity of characteristic playing which Mr. Harwood has exhibited during the short time he has been with us, is almost incredible. This is certainly one of his master-pieces.

Mr. Martin's *Young Whimsy* was spirited and characteristic. Mr. Johnson was a worthy father of such a son: yet we must recommend a small abatement of ardor in his expression of the tender passion.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13.

Jane Shore, (Rowe) and Mrs. Wiggins, (Allingham)

The part of *Dumont* by the Gentleman who made his debut in *Osmond*. We think there is an evident improvement in emphasis, and that much of the peculiar accent observable on his first appearance has disappeared. This is evidence of industry and talents. There was a degree of embarrassment in the last scene which much injured his performance: but upon the whole we are strengthened in our opinion of his merits.

The Comic piece, whimsically denominated *Mrs. Wiggins*, kept the house literally in a roar from beginning to end. Much is due to the spirited exertions of the performers, who seemed to have paid an attention in this instance to their own interests, which we hope they will never remit. The characters were thus represented:

Old Wiggins,	Mr. Harwood.
Young Wiggins,	Mr. Harper.
Mr. O'Bubble,	Mr. Tyler.
Mr. Postup,	Mr. Macdonald.
Trim,	Mr. Martin.
1st Bailiff,	Mr. Hogg.
2d Bailiff,	Mr. Sanderson.
1st Waiter,	Mr. Hallam, jun.
2d Waiter,	Mr. Shapter.
Servant,	Mr. Seymour.
Mrs. Wiggings,	Mrs. Seymour.
Mrs. Tom Wiggins,	Miss Patton.
Mrs. Chloe Wiggins,	Mrs. Hogg.

Married,

On Monday evening last, Dr. Joseph Bayley, of the Health Office, to Miss Ann Post, daughter of Col. Anthony Post, all of this city.

Last Saturday evening, Mr. Gurdon I. Seymour, of Savannah, to Miss Kitty Costigan of this city.

On Wednesday the 8th inst. Mr. Robert Dunlap, to Miss Eliza Phoenix, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Nathaniel L. Griswold, merchant, to Miss Catherine Lasher, daughter of John Lasher, Esq.

On the 19th ult. Mr. William Pye, of New-York, to Grace Mellin Rhodes, of Sparta, Mount-Pleasant.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Alexander Longenan, to Miss Margaret Barbara Ulshoeffer, daughter of Mr. George Ulshoeffer, all of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Robert Bach, druggist, to Miss Margaret Cowan, both of this city.

Died,

At Newburgh, on Thursday, last week, Mr. David Denniston, formerly proprietor of the "American Citizen."

On board the brig *Experiment*, on his passage home, of a pulmonary consumption, Dr. James Boyd, late Surgeon of the U. S. frigate *Adams*.

At Charleston, on the 24th ult. in the 42d year of his age, Dr. Joseph Hall Ramsay, an eminent physician, who established a solid reputation by 20 years successful practice in that city.

On the 27th ult. in the 48th year of his age, the Rev. Mr. Mansay Colin, a Roman Catholic priest, late from St. Domingo.

On the 21st ult. John Ivan James, Esq. a member of the House of Representatives of South-Carolina.

At Sens, (in France) at the age of 81 years, Pierre Esprit Sambuc De Montvert: the oldest General Officer in France, his name having been enrolled on the military list for 77 years. He has been in 75 battles, 1 sea engagement, 7 sieges, 3 assaults, and assisted in defending 3 fortresses, in which he received 9 wounds, was twice made prisoner of war and once suffered shipwreck.

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street.

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors.

He has received per the ships *Juno* and *Diligence*, from Amsterdam, a large assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes baskets of different sizes—Handsome Toilet baskets—Wine-glass baskets, round and oval—Large and small Trunk baskets—Handsome Market do.—Ladies fine knitting do. of different sizes—handsome Children's do. different patterns—handsome Bread do.—do. Counter do.—do. Tumbler do. different sizes—do. Knife do. &c. &c.

East India, Dunstable, and Holland Table Matts.

Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers, &c. also common Baskets, different kinds.

Theatre.

In compliance with the recommendation of the Common Council, the Theatre will be closed on Wednesday next. The nights of exhibition will be, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

On Monday evening, December 19,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

The uncommonly celebrated comedy of

JOHN BULL,

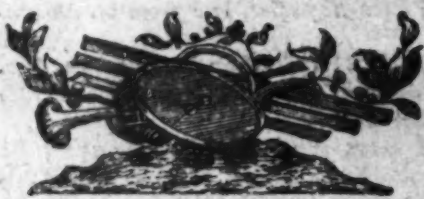
Or, an Englishman's Fireside.

To which will be added,

(Never performed here)

A Farce, in two Acts, called,

Bonaparte in England.



GOOSEBERRY-PIE.

A Pindaric Ode.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE is best.
Full of the theme O muse begin the song!
What tho' the sun-beams of the west
Mature within the turtle's breast
Blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue?
What tho' the deer bound sportively along
O'er springy turf, the park's elastic vest?
Give them their honors due—
But Gooseberry-pie is best.

Behind his oxen slow
The patient ploughman plods,
And as the sower followed by the clods,
Earth's genial womb received the swelling seed,
The rains descend, the grains they grow;
Saw ye the vegetable ocean
Roll its green billows to the April gale?
The ripening gold with multitudinous motion
Sway o'er the summer vale?

It flows thro' Alder banks along
Beneath the copse that hides the hill;
The gentle stream you cannot see,
You only hear its melody,
The stream that turns the mill,
Pass on, a little way pass on,
And you shall catch its gleam anon;
And hark! the loud and agonizing groan
That makes its anguish known,
Where tortur'd by the tyrant lord of meal
The brook is broken on the wheel!

Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale!
On the white bosom of the sail
Ye winds enamor'd, ling'ring lie!
Ye waves of ocean spare the bark!
Ye tempests of the sky!
From distant realms she comes to bring
The sugar for my pie,
For this on Gambia's arid side
The vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride,
His darling planter brood.

First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
Thou beauteous bush, so early green!
Soon ceas'd thy blossoms little life of love.
O safer than the Alcides-conquer'd tree
That grew the pride of that Hesperian grove—
No dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,
And guard thy fruit so fine,
Thou vegetable porcupine!
And didst thou scratch thy tender arm,
O Jane! that I should dine!

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they suit.
And they were well bestow'd.
O Jane, with truth I praise your pie,
And will not you in just reply
Praise my Pindaric ode?

[From the National Aegis.]

TO LAURA.

BENEATH the sun's meridian ray
The floweret droops, and dies away;
Yet evening's dew, refreshing dew
Gives it to live, and bloom anew.

Not so, when winter's gelid blast
Invades the young and tender shoot;
No more its bloom or fragrance last,
The "killing frost has nipt its root!"

So lovely Laura, when the rays
Of thy too fierce resentment burn;
I droop—but still, ere hope decays,
The dew of favor may return.

But stern, disdainful, proud neglect
My bosom with despondence fills;
The heat of ANGER only wilts—
THE FROST OF COLD INDIFFERENCE KILLS!

EPITAPH

On a Grave-stone in a country Church-yard in England, on Mrs. Arabella Greenwood, who died in childhood: written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood,

O DEATH! O death! thou hast cutt'd downe,
The fairest GREENWOOD in all this towne;
Her virtues and good qualities were suche,
That shee mighte have married a lorde or a judge,
But suche was her condescensioe and suche her husband
Shoe chose to take me a Doctor of Divinitie, [militie
For which heroicke acte shee stands confeste
Above all others the Phoenix of her sexe,
And like that birde one younge shee did begette,
That shee mighte not leave her sexe disconsolate,
Mie griefe for her is so verie sore,
I can onlie write two lines more.
For this and everie good woman her sake,
Never let a blistere be putte on a lyinge-in woman's
back.

EPIGRAM.

CRIES logical Bob to Ned, if you dare,
A mare, which has most legs, a mare or no mare,
A mare to be sure, replies Ned with a grin;
And fifty I'll lay, for I'm certain to win;
Quoth Bob, you have lost, sure as you are alive,
A mare has but four legs, and so mare has five.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city,

GAINES

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,
A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments.
Price 25 cents.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Damper, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer,) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing some Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOU.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

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